This louing tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor neuer by aduiſed purpoſe meete,
To plotte, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainſt vs, our ſtate, our ſubiects, or our land.
Bul. I ſweare.
Mow. And I, to keepe all this.
Bul. Norfolke, ſo fare as to mine enemie:
By this time, had the King permitted vs,
One of our ſoules had wandred in the ayre,
Baniſht this fraile Sepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſht from this land.
Confeſſe thy treaſons ere thou fly the Realme,
Since thou haſt farre to goe, beare not along
The cloging burthen of a guiltie Soule.
Mow. No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were Traytour,
My name be blotted from the Booke of life,
And I from Heauen baniſht, as from hence:
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
And all too ſoone (I feare) the King ſhall rew:
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I ſtray,
Saue backe to England, all the world's my way.
King. Vncle, euen in the glaſſes of thine eies,
I ſee thy grieued heart: thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſht yeares
Pluckt foure away, ſixe frozen Winters ſpent,
Returne with welcome home from baniſhment.
Bul. How long a time lies in one little word?
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton Springs,
End in one word; ſuch is the breath of Kings.
Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of mee,
He ſhortens foure yeares of my Sonnes exile;
But little vantage ſhall I reape thereby:
For ere the ſixe yeares that he hath to ſpend
Can change their moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dryed Lampe, and time bewaſted light
Shall be extinct with age and endleſſe night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold Death not let me ſee my ſonne.

King. Why Vncle, thou haſt many yeares to liue.
Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canſt giue:
Shorten my daies thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow.
Thou canſt helpe Time to furrow me with age,
But ſtoppe no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
King. Thy Sonne is baniſht with good aduiſe,
Whereto thy tongue, a party, verdict gaue,
Why at our Iuſtice ſeemſt thou then to lowre?
Gaunt. Things ſweet to taſt, prooue in digeſtion ſowre.
You vrge me as a Iudge, but I had rather
You would haue bid me argue like a Father.
Oh had't been a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmooth his fault I would haue been more milde:
A partiall ſlaunder ſought I to auoyde,
And in the ſentence my owne life deſtroyde.
Alas, I lookt when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do my ſelfe this wrong.
King. Cooſen farewell, and Vncle bid him ſo;
Sixe yeares we baniſh him, and he ſhall go.
Au. Cooſin farewell; what preſence muſt not know
From where you doe remaine, let Paper ſhow.
Mar. My Lord no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your ſide.
Gaunt. Oh to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words
That thou returneſt no greeting to thy friends?
Bul. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office ſhould be prodigall,
To breath the abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy griefe is but thy abſence for a time.
Bul. Ioy abſent, griefe is preſent for that time.
Gaunt. What is ſixe Winters? they are quickly gone.
Bul. To men in ioy, but griefe makes one howre ten.
Gaunt. Call it a trauaile that thou takſt for pleaſure.